

The Pocahontas Times.

If thou would'st read a lesson that will keep Thy heart from fainting and thy soul from sleep, Go to the woods and hills.—Longfellow.

Vol. 23, No. 32.

Marlinton, Pocahontas County, West Virginia February 18, 1904.

\$1.00 a Year

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DR. O. J. CAMPBELL,
Dentist,
MONTICELLO, VA.
Will visit Pocahontas county at
least twice a year. The exact date
of his visit will appear in this
paper.

DR. ERNEST B. HILL,
DENTIST,
Graduate University of Maryland.
Dentistry practiced in all its bran-
ches.
Office in 1st Nat. Bank Bldg. 2nd floor.

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All calls by phone and mail
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West Virginia Citizens Trust and

Guarantee Company
This company will furnish bonds
of all county, state and municipal
officers; fiduciary bonds, such as
administrators, guardians, etc.;
junction bonds; bank officials;
merits, indemnifying bonds, in
court bonds of all kinds; attach-
ment bonds, treasurers, etc.

A MILITIA SCOUT

ON CHEAT MOUNTAIN IN 1861

An Interesting Article by Dr. Mor-
gan Campbell on an Early
War Experience.

In the early months of 1861,
being an invalid, it was not my
privilege to rush with others, my
friends and associates, to the
"fenced field" when the tocsin of
war sent forth its awful sound.

The military spirit ran high—I
longed to share the honors and
glory of war, and the able-bodied
young man who hesitated or ap-
peared indifferent was viewed
with suspicion.

The universal belief was that
the war would be of short dura-
tion, therefore he who would as-
sist in driving back the enemy
and setting the Confederacy on
its feet must hurry up.

The probability of failure was
not for a moment entertained.
For had not Manassas been
fought and the Yanks sent flying
back? And of course we could
and would do it again if they had
the audacity to make another
attempt.

True our little army in W. Va.
had been defeated and compelled
to own, but this was merely one
of the minor features of war.
After expelling Confederates from
the field they had not dared to
advance beyond Cheat Mountain
for Johnson with the nucleus of a
new army was on Alleghany and
reinforcements were rapidly join-
ing him.

While awaiting these he deemed
it prudent to summon the militia
of Highland, Bath and Pendleton.
With these his strength would be
formidable. (?)

Here was my opportunity! If
not able for regular service I could
at least do my part with the mil-
itia, as we found, upon assembling
at Hevener's store, (Hightown)
that if eighty of us would volun-
teer for ten days service the others
would be permitted to go home.

I volunteered, a captain was
improvised and in the afternoon
of a lovely August day he formed
us in line with our home rifles on
our shoulders said: "Attention!
forward march!" and we marched.
It was a new experience and by
sunset we were tired enough to go
into camp. We had marched ten
miles, and encamped on Laurel
Creek where it crosses the S. & F.
turnpike.

After partaking of our evening
meal we lay down to rest beneath
the trees and were soon lulled to
sleep by the gentle, monotonous
murmurs of the Creek.

But about midnight a horseman
dashed into our camp with a dis-
patch from Gen. Johnson order-
ing us to march immediately.

Thinking that such an order
could only mean that the enemy
were advancing and about to
attack Johnson, we started. I re-
member feeling quite proud of
sufficient coolness to load my rifle,
while some of the boys in their
excitement, spilled their powder.
And no wonder for we all expect-
ed in a few minutes perhaps to
meet the foe in battle.

The march into camp however,
was without event. We were led
by the messenger to headquarters
and told to go to rest. And now
we were in camp—real "soldiers"
for the time being.

For a day or two we remained
stationary, doing nothing, but
gaining a little experience of real
military life. At length our cap-
tain was summoned to general
headquarters, ordered to take half
his men with three days rations
and report to Gen. Johnson on
the following morning. The men
were to be volunteers. I was
among them. What the orders
were in detail I never knew, but
we were to go on a scout in Cheat
Mountain with whatever that im-
plied.

We cheerfully bade our com-
rades in camp adieu, promising to
divide our spoils with them on
our return.

A detail of cavalry consisting
of one man accompanied us,
whether as guide, guard or simply

to add to the formidable appear-
ance of the detachment I don't
know.

We took the Green Bank road,
following it to within three or
four miles of the village, then
turned to the right, passing
through the lands of Uriah Hev-
ener on through a gap in the
the mountain west of his posses-
sions and into the "Back Alleghany"
region.

As night approached we went
into camp in a vacant and desol-
ated house, on neutral ground,
in the region scouted by the ene-
my. We had no thought of
danger, no guards were thrown
out, no videttes were posted to
warn of approaching danger—at
least I do not know of any. The
cavalry was I think, encamped
with the infantry. The weather
was warm and we were suffici-
ently inured to soldier life to be in-
different as to protective covering
in camp, and were tired enough
to be content with a comfortable
place to lie down.

We were not disturbed however
but through no wise provision of
our own.

Morning found us refreshed,
confident and "ready for the
fray."

We took up the time of march
at our leisure, and after going a
few miles, went into camp again,
some hours before night. We
had that day passed through a
very pretty section of country,
consisting of fields and woods.

If there were roads we did not
use or see them. There were few
houses and apparently no inhabi-
tants, for we saw no living per-
son until halting to camp for the
night.

I remember distinctly the lonely
evening. It was the Sabbath.
We were not fatigued with our
short march of 8 or 10 miles and
we spent the evening as though
no enemy were within a hundred
miles of us.

We had no chaplain, but our
cavalry made a thrilling speech
in which he assured us that be-
fore the enemy should advance
another mile into Virginia they
must march over his dead body.

And then, notwithstanding the
noise and hilarity attendant there-
upon were alarming, he drilled
us in some of the Querrelia meth-
ods of attack and defence. Our
camping place to-night was at the
house of a William Gum. His
home was at the edge of a wood,
or forest, which extended un-
broken to the turnpike, four miles
distant.

A pathway "bridled" path as
such roads are here called, led
through the woods to the pike and
joined it at a place known as the
Slaven's cabins.

This was only seven or eight
miles from the Yankee camp and
it was known that their scouts
came here regularly. Our last
night's camp was only four miles
from the said Slaven's cabins and
unprotected by guards!

True, a sentinel was posted to
give the alarm in case of danger,
he, or they, were only one or two
hundred yards distant from us.

It really looked as though the
reason the Yankees didn't come
and take the last one of us was
because they didn't want to.

The morning broke gloomy and
lowering and soon the rain began
to fall heavily.

With no order so to do, I tied
my handkerchief over the lock of
my gun to "keep my powder
dry" and we started early, march-
ing in double file, quietly and with
more order than we had been
observing for we knew that we
were now near enough to the ene-
my to render caution necessary.

no one, I suppose was dreaming
of real danger or thought that an
enemy might be near. We had
gone perhaps half a mile, our
cavalry riding bravely at the head
of our column, when suddenly
some one shouted "Retreat!"

At the same moment we were
greeted with the bang! bang! of
muskets; and our brave caval-
ryman—oh, where was he! As if
on wings of the wind he dashed
to the rear and I have never seen
him since.

Following his example we glis-

wheeled in our tracks without
waiting to know the cause of the
disturbance and charged to the
rear with all our might and main.
I was too deeply interested in
getting away from that particular
spot to notice my gun, indeed,
I was poised, awfully demoralized
and just then conscious of but one
object of desire in this life, which
was to run. And we nearly all
seemed to be actuated by the
same motive—I say nearly all,
for there were a few brave fellows
who scorned to run, and returned
the fire. In doing so one was
killed, a young man named Woods
and three or four wounded, who
after a few others were captured.

In a few minutes we were at
the camp ground of the previous
night, was demoralized as we
were, the captain proposed to call
the roll before retreating farther.
But a few names had been called
when some one shouted "Yan-
kees!" and, as if to emphasize
this warning the awful muskets
rang out again. A bomb shell
could not have scattered us more
effectually. Pell mell, helter
skelter, we went, in any direction,
every fellow for himself. When
I could run no farther I dropped
behind a friendly log, where I
lay until I could recover breath;
then I ventured to peep over the
log and take in the situation,
fully expecting a bullet to whiz
by me. To my surprise not a
man was visible. I now as rap-
idly as possible made my way to
the brush near by, where I felt
safer, and soon rejoined individ-
uals and squads of two or three.
So effectually were we scattered
that not more than three or four
were together anywhere.

One squad catching sight of
me alone at once fled in another
direction thinking I was a Yankee.
The day was rainy and our cloth-
ing thoroughly drenched in the
wet brush. In this forlorn condi-
tion, hungry and exhausted some
of us arrived near nightfall at the
hospital home of Uriah Hev-
ener who did all in his power to
make us comfortable. We spent
the night here and in the morning
rested and refreshed, owing to
the genuine kindness and generos-
ity of this excellent gentleman,
who is known far and wide for
his noble qualities of head and
heart, we made our way leisurely
to camp.

Our friends congratulated us on
our safe return and did not up-
braid us in the least for not
bringing the promised "booty." I
do not know what report was
made to the general, but from
the fact that we were released and
allowed to go home, I suppose he
decided that he could get along
without Militia.

The reports which had preceded
us naturally made them glad to
see us at home, for those reports
represented us as having fallen
into an ambush, been cut to
pieces and captured.

Though the result of our expedi-
tion was disastrous, to me, in-
dividually, it was beneficial.
My health had steadily improved
with the hardships of military
life, and I was not satisfied with
the reputation we had gained; it
was not flattering. So I deter-
mined to volunteer, gave my
name to the enrolling official,
and at once became a private in
Co. E, 81 Va. Vol. and thence-
forth my military career was
identified with that of said regi-
ment.

And if I could not pride my-
self on my first experience, I had
no reason at least to be ashamed
of the latter. M. B. C.

Spring Term 1904.

The Spring Term of the West
Virginia Conference Seminary
will commence March 3rd. Col-
lege Courses, Preparatory Courses,
School of Music, School of
Business, School of Engineering,
School of Oratory, School of Art.

Unusual inducements to teachers
in the Special Spring Normal
Courses.

Send for large catalogue or
spring announcement to President
Wier, Buckhannon, West Vir-
ginia.

Time after time they were driven
onward but at the eastern coal
yards they made a final stand and
won. The flames were still rag-

BALTIMORE, THE DESOLATE

A CITY RUINED IN A DAY.

Dr. Susan Price Writes of the Ter-
rible Devastation by Fire.

A people mourn their ruined
city. Seventy-five squares gone.
An area of 150 acres of gloom
and ashes. Sunday, the seventh
of February, 1904, will go down
in history as the day when in a
few hours from its beginning in a
quiet peaceful morning, a great
city was suddenly turned into a
place of terror and given over to
helpless ruin. Beginning at 10:45
a. m. Sunday morning in the
most important business district
of the city the fire raged without
a momentary check until 8 p. m.
Monday. For thirty hours the
terrible flames mounted skyward
in spite of the efforts of the best
fire fighters which more than a
half dozen cities were able to get
together. There is one cause for
gladness—the residence portion
of the city escaped, in the north
western part of the city. This
was owing to the wind blowing in
a steady gale from the north,
which carried the burning brands
far above the heads of the fire-
fighters and out of reach of the
countless streams of water poured
into the raging fires. Sparks of
fire large as tea cups floated far
over the city and fell in showers
on buildings, which, in many
cases, was the beginning of the
end. Early as half an hour after
the fire started it was seen that it
was beyond the power of the Bal-
timore engines to manage it, so
telegrams were sent to Washing-
ton. That city responded prompt-
ly, making a record run of thirty-
six minutes to Baltimore. Then
Philadelphia followed and Wil-
mington and smaller towns, each
relaying of firemen and engines
plunging eagerly into the midst
of the flames, extending square
by square, ruins of buildings
swaying back and forth. Many
fell, throwing up clouds of bricks
and dust and sparks, so that for a
moment even the dense smoke
was invisible. Dynamite was us-
ed freely, and explosion after ex-
plosion of large buildings shook
the ground, only seeming to the
terrified spectators, crowded on
roofs and filling the streets, to be
adding fresh pathway to the
flames. The crash of falling
buildings and the roar of explod-
ing dynamite, the black smoke
split by a dozen sheets of flame in
dozen different places. The seem-
ingly utter helplessness of the fire-
men making the greatest fight of
their lives, the flames ever shoot-
ing forward made a scene that no
person who saw can ever forget,
or think of without a sickening
feeling. At 2 a. m. Monday morn-
ing the fire was at its height; the
streets filled with wagons, hired
at any price, a car cart bringing
\$25 for a single lot, carrying
furniture, goods of all description,
moving north towards Druid Hill
Park, the street cars running up
until then when the power house
was burned, each car stopping
suddenly wherever it happened to
be; the electric lights went out;
word was passed along that the
firemen were exhausted and the
city was doomed. The streets
were filled with anxious frightened
people while vehicles of all dis-
criptions carted household effects
to safer sections. The New York
firemen were the last to arrive on
account of the distance. At 2:30
a. m. a mighty cheer arose heard
all over the city, as the splendid
apparatus of New York's fire fight-
ers came plunging through the
streets from Calvert station; No. 7,
the largest fire engine in the
world, leading, drawn by four
horses abreast, guided with un-
erring precision through the streets
no doubt entirely strange to the
driver. Local officials give the
greatest praise to the New York-
ers for the great stands they made
in difficult places.

Time after time they were driven
onward but at the eastern coal
yards they made a final stand and
won. The flames were still rag-

ing when the cheering news was
spread over the city at 8 p. m.
Monday that the fire was sur-
rounded and under control, and
no better news than that ever
came to the people of this city.

A blackened waste filled with
piles of brick and stone, but
thousands sheets of flame and
huge shafts all that is left of the
handsome office buildings and
the city and wholesale and busi-
ness houses.

Scene of Desolation.
The buildings, the pride of
Baltimore only walls or remnants
of walls remain from what was
once the Baltimore Sun office no
buildings are left standing as far
as the eye can see down Baltimore
St. A picture of complete de-
struction. Here and there like a
grim tower stands the walls of
some late building. The ruins
of the 15 story Continental Trust
building is a crumbling mark
among the smouldering debris.
The city is under military law
and a 15 days holiday has been
declared by the Governor.

No lives were lost with the
exception of a single fireman
buried under a falling building.
There were many accident and
burns, but the casualty loss was
the smallest of any great fire in
this country partly explained by
fire breaking out on Sunday when
the burned district was practically
deserted. Had it broken out dur-
ing the crowded hours in the
down town district no one likes
to think what might have hap-
pened the spread of the flames were
so rapid and entirely beyond the
power of the Baltimore fire de-
partment in a few minutes. Tele-
grams have come from all parts
of the world to the Mayor with
kind expressions for a stricken
city and offers of assistance.

No doubt from the acres of
ashes a New Baltimore will soon
be rising cleaner, brighter with
wider streets and the industry of
old, but now the site of that fu-
ture greatness is but a blackened
waste from the beginning of the
fire to the end. The fire limits
makes obviously enough a huge
question mark. Baltimore re-
joices it was no worse and starts
anew.

Murder in Mercer County.

A foul murder is reported from
Mercer County. Harry Taylor
whose past record as a law-abid-
ing citizen is anything but good
made the assertion that he had
murdered a tramp and hid his
body in a waste house. His rep-
utation for truth and veracity is
so poor however, that no one be-
lieved what he said. Taylor
went to Raleigh County and a
party went to the house where he
had said the murdered man would
be found. In tearing away the
floor the much mutilated remains
of a man about 40 years old were
found. Taylor was arrested at
Piney, in Raleigh County on Feb-
ruary 11, and is now in jail at
Princeton. He says the murder
was committed on the 24th day
of December and the motive for
the crime was robbery.

Roonake Rapist Caught.

The negro brute who assaulted
Mrs. Shields at Roonake January
30th and in an attempt to cover
his crime hacked his victim and
her little daughter with a hatchet
leaving them, for dead, has been
captured and is now in jail at
Richmond under heavy guard.
He was taken at Bluefield and
has made a full confession. He
will be taken to Roonake under
charge of the militia, where the
formality of a trial will be gone
through with and a speedy death
be meted out to him.

Rev. G. T. Tyler, Presiding

Elder had quarterly meeting ser-
vices at Marlinton Sunday and
Monday. The quarterly confer-
ence met Monday after preaching
services. Owing to inclement
weather only a few of the mem-
bers from out of town were pres-
ent. We understand the finances
of Huntersville circuit were in
especially good condition, all the
conference claims having been
paid.

CAPT. JOHN MILLER.

THE MINISTERIAL ARTILLERY

LEADER.
The Part He Took in the Battle of
Alleghany.

To W. T. P.

Your interesting reminiscences
of Capt. Miller remind me of an
incident which he related to me.
In the battle of Alleghany moun-
tain the Federal forces pressed up
very close to Johnson's line.

His infantry occupied a trench
and Miller's artillery was a little
in the rear of the infantry and
fired over their heads. In the
hottest of the battle an infantry
captain who was sitting on the
ground leaning his back against a
tree with his face towards the ar-
tillery, but among his own men,
called out fiercely—"Capt. Miller
you are firing too low!" "I think
not," replied Miller, who was
sending a bird of grape shot into
the ranks of the enemy.

"But you are firing; you are grazing
my men every time, and grazing
my head too."

"Oh, you are mistaken, Capt.,
my shot go to the enemy."

"If you don't raise your gun,
Capt. Miller, I'll report you to
the Brigadier," etc., etc.

The battle was won; Miller's
battery confessedly contributing
largely to the result. But the
infantry captain, true to his threat
had the artillery officer arraigned
for reckless shooting. Miller de-
fended himself with his rare abil-
ity, denying that shot went dan-
gerously near his accuser or his
men; and he was promptly ac-
quitted.

After the trial was over—Capt.
Miller went to the ground for an
examination of the premises. He
particularly examined the tree
where the infantry captain sat
facing the artillery, and there to
his horror and dismay he found
that a large grape-shot had en-
tered the middle of the tree not
three inches above the head of
the captain who was sitting there!

Capt. Miller promptly ordered
up a couple of ax-men, cut down
the tree, and burned the butt-cut!
Some persons might have felt a
doubt as to whether this was the
best course, but the redoubtable
Captain had no doubt whatever.

Rev. (Captain) John Miller was
the son of the eminent divine Rev.
Samuel Miller, who for many
many years was the colleague in
Princeton Theological Seminary
of the not less eminent Rev. Ar-
chibald Alexander. His mother
was a sister of the great lawyer
John Sergeant of Philadelphia.

Mr. Miller was a fine scholar
and a courtly gentleman. In the
earlier years of his ministry he
was pastor of the Presbyterian
church in Frederick, Maryland.
There he first met the lady who
was destined to become his second
wife; the daughter of Gov. Mc-
Dowell of whom he spoke in the
conversation with you. Mr. Mil-
ler went from Frederick to Phila-
delphia and lived there for some
time as the pastor of a large
church. It was whilst pastor
there that he married the lady re-
ferred to. For reasons which
need not be mentioned he resigned
his pastorate and came to Mrs.
Miller's home place on the edge
of Lexington. This was only a
few years before the war. He
promptly embraced the Southern
cause and was connected with the
army during much of the fighting
period. Near the close of the
war he became pastor of a church
in Petersburg; after which he re-
turned to Lexington and remained
some years, but finally returned
to his old home in Princeton
where he had some theological
troubles and where both he and
his wife died and were buried.

W. H. RUFFNER,

Lexington, Va.

The County Court of Mineral
County has prohibited the sale of
the Sunday editions of the city
dailies in its limits. Piedmont
people have to cross the river to
Westernport, Maryland, for their
Sunday papers.

Hesterman.

We are still having winter in

abundance all weather prophets
have failed so far and we have
nothing to prophesy, only we are
looking forward to enjoy the
bright spring and summer which
is sure to come and should we
survive to see the close of this
winter. Let us remember the
mistakes of last season and avoid
them this. A success or a failure
should leave a lesson for our
guidance the coming season.

We notice in the Times, some
time ago saying, they were going
to do better perhaps this is not
verbatum, yet the same in pur-
port. Why not all its readers
adopt this? We are not so good
but we could do better. While
we have closed the door upon the
old year, its mistakes, failures
and successes are all behind us.
Let us strive to do our duty that
we will keep our faith with friend
and foe. That the dark future
though a locked secret to us now
may be wisely improved, that
the Golden Rule may be closely
observed and seen, we will be
profited thereby.

The large gorge of ice is yet in
the river at this place and to look
at it as it is now, it looks as
though it would be there until the
long days sun would melt it away.

Mr. George Sutton on the
mountain is very sick.

Walter Spencer is laid up with
inflammatory rheumatism.

Adam Collins lost a fine mule
last week.

The measles and mumps are
on the mountain.

Will Cassel has a bad case of
mumps, his daughter is very sick
with inflammatory rheumatism.

W. R. Sutton has a bad case
of mumps.

Thos. Beverage was slipping
somewhere last week.

Mrs. Clark Hiner is much im-
proved under the skillful care of
Dr. Lambert.

Squire Hevener is very much
indisposed from the effects of
measles.

An effort is being made by the
County Court of Monroe to build
a branch from the Chesapeake
and Ohio through Monroe County
to connect at some point with
the Norfolk and Western. The
plan is said to be a feasible one,
and a commission has been ap-
pointed to employ an engineer
and make a preliminary survey.

NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed bids will be received by
the undersigned at his office in
the town of Marlinton, West Vir-
ginia, until

Tuesday, March 1, 1904

at noon, for the construction of a
new piece of public road in the
Greenbank District, Pocahontas
County, West Virginia, commencing
at the foot of Little Mountain,
east side, on the present road
leading to Cass, thence running
towards Deer Creek to the "Bar
Ford," thence around the end of
mountain, and up the west side of
same to the town of Cass, on the
route viewed out and located by
C. L. Austin, H. M. Moore and
J. W. Oliver, viewers, known as
the "Boal's Route," a distance
of 3 miles and 40 rods. Said road
to be built according to the speci-
fications on file with Clerk of the
County Court.

The said route has been staked
off and a map of the same has
been prepared by H. F. Cromer,
surveyor, which is to be seen at
the office of Dr. C. L. Austin in
the town of Cass.

Each bid is to be accompanied
by a bond with good personal se-
curity in a sum of \$500 for the
faithful performance of his con-
tract. The court reserves the
right to reject any or all bids.

S. L. BROWN, Clerk.

Notice.

All creditors of the estate of
Geo. T. McNeil, deceased are
hereby notified to present their
claims properly proven for settle-
ment. Also all persons holding
said estate as surety on any valid
obligation are notified to proceed
to collect the same at once, or as
soon as due.